

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Democratic Convention.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14, 1884.

The nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks was not received by the Democrats here with as great enthusiasm as warmed the Republicans when news of the success of Blaine and Logan crept wearily over the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company. In the instance of Blaine, every individual Republican of the Pacific States and Territories (barring exceptions too rare to affect the sentiment) felt as if he had personally contributed to the result; for without doubt that result was largely due to the united efforts of all the Pacific delegates—or rather to the unity of those efforts, for the actual work of those gentlemen was not of a kind materially to advance the interests of anybody, but the vendors of white hats to be used wildly and unthrifly in air, and of umbrellas to be frantically smashed *ad majorem gloriam Jacobi Mainensis*. The bald fact that the whole Coast had pronounced for that gentleman would itself probably have assured his nomination, without the advocacy of Delegate Morron, and despite that of Delegate McClure.

With regard to Cleveland, it was another matter; the Democrats of California and her sister States and Territories did not want him. Their taste for him has to be educated up to the swallowing point. California "instructed" for Tilden, who wouldn't have it, and Thurman, who couldn't get it. So the campaign opens with a preliminary defeat and a corresponding humiliation to local self-esteem, and a feeling of dejection that ran, like a thorough-bass, through all the ratification speeches, damped the ardor of the bon-fires, muffled the cheers, and flattened the notes of the cannon. This is no fancy; to an observant understanding these phenomena were distinctly discernable. Another depressing cause may be noted—the soft-money record of Mr. Hendricks. This reduced the vote for the old ticket when it was the new ticket, in 1876, and it has been by no means forgotten. A State that went to the length of tacit, and to the verge of actual, rebellion during the war, and by legislation nullified an act of Congress rather than give up her hard money, is not likely to be stirred with felicitous emotion by the candidacy of one who favored perpetuating the objectionable system after the energies that begot it had spent their force. Mr. Hendricks solicits the Californian voter, not by a display of charms, but by an appeal to compassion.

The most grotesque attraction of this political menagerie was the Field side-show, which with characteristic and customary blandishments endeavored to impose itself on the gaping rustics of the Mississippi Valley delegations as the main circus. In this State Judge Field had absolutely no following except the kept editors and gong-throated touts of the Railroad. The State Convention of his party performed for him the unprecedented dis-service of instructing its delegation against him. This, regardless of the justice or injustice of the action, would have killed the strongest aspirant in the country. It did kill him; the delegates from other States declined to go behind it, and the formidable deputation of leading statesmen of the C.P.R.R. "resolved" and button-holed in vain. Their cherished corpse could not be galvanized into any simulacrum of a living man, it would not even kick. Judge Field's name was not even presented to the convention, and his backing of political fantasies and corporation horrors, having previously plucked all the plumage off Crow Cleveland, in order to show that he was black all the way through, are now engaged in obsequiously eating that songster, with a really touching resignation but indifferent appetite. Even the *Atta*, owned partly by the railroad, and partly by "the eminent jurist," "his own self," and which, on the morning of the very day that Cleveland was nominated, affirmed that his chances were "knocked into pi," and Field sure of the prize; whose editor, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, was one of the private deputations above spoken of—even this mighty, nay, rusty dictator has decided to "support the ticket." More accurately speaking, it has been de-

cided that the ticket must support the *Atta*. So ends one of the most amusing episodes in the story of American politics. Most active among the impractical cranks who sought to pitchfork this corrupt and detested schemer off the Supreme Bench that he disgraces into the Presidential chair, that was not made to his measure, and is "a world too wide" for him, are the following narrowly and unfavorably known gentlemen, whose names it is a sad happiness to inscribe on their political tomb: Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Jas. A. Johnson, and Major Walter Turnbull, editor and manager, respectively, of the *Atta*; ex-Sheriff Thomas Desmond, State Senators Timothy McCarthy, Kelly, Doherty and Harrigan, Judges Lawlor and Wright, "Colonels" John P. Irish, of the Oakland *Times*, and Stuart M. Taylor, Messrs. Jesse Carr, Jerry Driscoll, John Murphy, R. P. Falk, Charles Ackerman, Robert Fitzgerald, Thomas Smith, John Mott, William Mott, Joseph Cochran, and J. R. Risley, Dr. Arrington, "Captain" Lafferty and Nobody Cronin.

Of the platform adopted at Chicago, there is little that can be said in its praise, it is about as dishonest as that of the Republicans in purpose, and a trifle more so in the methods by which that purpose is veiled and befogged. It begins with a plaintive and moving protest against the Government being always administered by one party, administers a sound slogging ty that party, and then shows that the Democratic organization is singularly immaculate. All this *naivete* is charming. Then follows the anxiously expected "tariff plank," which it took thirty-six hours for the committee to frame, and will take thirty-six years for anybody to understand. As nearly as one can get at its meaning, without inspiration from Heaven, it affirms that the Democratic party favors both free trade and protection, each to the exclusion of the other, both being essentially either, and either both. So absurd a hotch-potch of words has seldom been seen, even in a political platform. There is an equally meaningless declaration in favor of "honest money," (who ever knowingly favored any other kind?) another favoring "the equality of all men before the law," (is there any question about that?) and another expressing a conviction of the expediency of "a free ballot"—as if anybody wanted to be shut out. The party proudly asserts its opposition to "sumptuary laws," but as no "sumptuary" law has ever been proposed in the United States, it is fair to assume that the convention was without a dictionary. In the same general line is the "plank" demanding a "separation of Church" (what church?) "and State,"—what State? Briefly, this intolerably long document is really one of the most humorous communications of the day. If Mark Twain was not bodily present as a member of the Committee on Platform, his spirit must have been in its midst, inspiring its divided mind and directing it into pleasant ways. The only declaration that appears to have both lucidity and sincerity is the one favoring "more intimate commercial and political relations" with the other American Republics—what it calls an "American continental policy." Of course the immediate intent of this was to take the wind out of Mr. Blaine's sails, but it is not the less true that the people of this country are beginning to be actuated by a wish to have a hand in the affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere—a friendly and helping hand, such as one extends to a lonely pile of poker-checks in distress.

In Washington Territory women now serve on juries, trial and grand, and the experiment seems to work well. Chief Justice Green of the Supreme Court, in impaneling a Grand Jury at Tacoma, recently, stated that the Court was entirely satisfied with the work of women on juries. At six terms of his Court had women served on both the grand and petit juries, and he had yet to hear from anybody qualified to express an opinion a single adverse criticism. "No Grand Juries ever in session in this Territory," he said, "have done prompter, clearer, better work than those which have sat in this district during the last six months."

Bartholdi's mother was his model for his statue of liberty which is to adorn New York harbor in the coming ages when the pedestal is finished.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, June 21.

The Egyptian question is now treated with more gravity. It has at last dawned upon the press that the English nation may not endorse Mr. Gladstone's views of lending 200,000,000 francs to be controlled by a cosmopolitan board, and to have to scuttle from the country at a fixed date, according as intrigues have the upper hand in the prorogued conference—for that intended to sit, will be proposed to be adjourned, not dissolved. France, unable to re-enter Egypt by the front door, naturally desires to gain admission by the back entry. She does not conceal her aim to dominate the Nile Valley and checkmate England. France suspects John Bull will not part with his guineas without good security, nor that he will be in any hurry to obey orders to quit a country he has now more than ever the most serious motives for "protecting"—from other powers. The French are nervous about two possible results: The overthrow of the Gladstone Cabinet, and the succession of a Palmerston policy, with Germany for ally. The unctious enconiums of the German press passed on France for her "spirited colonial" and "disinterested Egyptian" policy have awakened the suspicions of the French. When your mortal enemy indulges in benedictions rather than maledictions, beware of man-traps and spring-guns. "Cease to conquer, Sire, or I must cease to write," was the flattering appeal addressed by the poet Boileau to Louis XIV. Clovis Hugues, the laureate of Champagne and successor *in posse* to Hugo, might implore Jules Ferry to cease "to protect," or he must cease to grind. With the take of Cambodia, as an *entracte* before Morocco, the journals state the Asiatic Empire of France is founded, and the Suez Canal becomes a life and death question for her. Where is the money to come from to open up all these countries? Neither a home loan nor the home milch cow is to be thought of. Private enterprise shows not the slightest sign of embarking funds therein, and the "great expectations," as proposed by the renegade free-traders, to clap taxes on other nation's importations, is a delicate reed on which to lean.

Emigration is not the solution either. In the little that takes place, the French shun their own colonies. Colbert sent some 600,000 emigrants to North America during the reign of Louis XIV. They were chiefly peasants from the Western Shores—the Irish of France, that the clergy induced to depart. They were transported gratuitously. On arriving, they received free grants of land, and their settlements were arranged, so that families from the same home town-land could be neighbors. Nostalgia killed the scheme, and to-day the malady of home-sickness is more intense, surpassing even that in a Swiss.

The country cannot compete with either England or Germany in sending off swarms, as she has not the productive population. Then France has to watch her Argus-eyed enemy, who to military advantages is slowly, but surely sapping France commercially. And if any home calamity happened to France, her colonial possessions would smother her, as did her jewels the famous Roman nation. In addition to these changes since Colbert's age, primogenitive succession has been abolished. The inducement to seek a livelihood by self-expatriation is weak in the eyes of a son who knows that he will have his equal divide of his papa's property, independent of his parent's will or humor. A big brush does not make a big painter. The day when France can place her manufactures in her own as well as foreign markets, as cheap as those of England and Germany, and when the members of French firms take their turn to reside in Tonquin, Cambodia and at the Congo, as do German houses, especially, then the colonial future of France will be bright.

The clauses of the new Army Bill, which compel every physically qualified citizen to serve three years under the flag, has created a storm of unpopularity among the middle and upper classes. It will never pass the Senate. The latter has voted the second reading of the Divorce Bill, so that measure may now be con-

sidered law. As to the revision of the Constitution, the nation displays as little interest in it as the Legislature itself.

Australians will be glad to learn that a change is coming over the spirit of the French dream respecting the *rediciviste* controversy. It is felt that France has never seriously undertaken the reformation of her criminals. In her prisons there has never been adopted any kind of moral book-keeping. The modern principle of "conditional liberation," inaugurated in England since 1867, with signal success, has never been tried in France. Yet it is an institution now in Italy, Germany, Holland, Austria and several of the Swiss cantons. Whether or not the honor of such a plan of reformation reverts to Oliver Goldsmith, M. Delessert, during the reign of Louis Philippe, applied it to recidiviste juvenile offenders, so that in a few years the number of such criminals fell from 70 to 7 per cent. The large cities of France swarm with incorrigible criminals. All the citizens demand is to be delivered from them, whether by home penitentiaries specially administered, or emptying into New Caledonia or other oceanic islands. According to the report of the Senate Committee on the pending Recidiviste Bill, the Government has no less than 600,000 recidivistes awaiting shipment to Caledonia or Guyano. What an army of corruption, for the French convict unites four incorrigible defects: He is young; he is callous to reformation, hardened in indiscipline and the incarnation of idleness.

The Minister of Marine states that Guyane could accommodate about 2000 recidivistes—the balance, 58,000, is therefore destined for Caledonia. He adds, the climate of Guyane is good. In 1866 there were in that colony 7466 convicts, looked after by 214 officials. In 1877 there were only 3663, in charge of 250 officials—the latter, then, augmented as the recidivistes diminish. By the proposed bill, the recidiviste is an individual absolved from the crimes he committed, but bound to remain a fixture in whatever island possessed by France he might be shipped to. If he escape to Australia he cannot be given up, because he is no longer a criminal, and the extradition treaty of 1876 between France and England lays down the fugitive can only be surrendered to be judged for a crime, or to complete his detention. Under neither of these clauses does he come. A wit says, that over the prisons in New Caledonia is written: "Here the inmates live with folded arms." The grand evil is the refusal of the convict to work. He laughs at all Evangelical or philosophical counsels to seek his amendment, his liberty, by work. The Code allows the Governor to punish the idle; the latter are quite indifferent—they know they must be fed, and cannot be tortured to death. In the case of a recidiviste, he is a free man with a fixed residence; if he decline to work, he cannot be punished, and he cannot be starved to death. Pinch him in his circumstances, and he will fall back on his natural calling—robbery and murder. And as towns and cities afford him more opportunities for crime, more attractions for his monotonous existence, why he will flock there. The mother country will have to support such scum in idleness, while the poor, honest, broken-down workman at home is left to starve. Your recidiviste, not being obliged to work, will imitate the inertia of the Communists of 1871. You cannot colonize with idlers—as well work a locomotive without fuel. Australians have but to remain true to their tactics, and France will be forced to adopt, like other European nations, the keeping her social and prison scum at home, and trying to reform them by conditional liberation. It would be a sad prospect for the second new world to let loose 58,000 irreclaimables in the Australian Archipelago.

Opinion appears to be in favor of the Bois de Bologne for the site of the 1889 Exhibition, and which in extent and magnificence, is intended to cast all predecessors into the shade. The railway accommodation can be best adapted to the Bois; a few loop-lines and branches to the river to accommodate the boat traffic would meet the locomotive wants of the millions. The Minister of War will not give up the site of the Champs de Mars, which would be too small in any case,

and the Trocadero has been converted into a lumber-room for museums. Its Concert Hall is, in a way, very popular; those who desire to get rid of a mother-in-law, a rich uncle, or an annuitant, have but to present such individuals with free-tickets; one attendance will secure them a cough—that only a church-yard can cure.

The capital will be subscribed by the railway and other moneyed companies, the Government guaranteeing to meet any deficit resulting from receipts. The conditions are rumored to be very severe against admitting exhibits that have made the tour of World's Fairs since 1851. This will compel attention to originality. One gentleman's services are likely to be lost (M. Alphand), the heart and brain of such gatherings from the organizing and ornamental points of view, is dying.

The fishing season has opened, so the Seine's banks are crowded with almost thousands of philosophers, who pass their days trying to catch gudgeon with the rod, line and worm. Berrye took pleasure in that sport, as it enabled him to plan his orations; the wags swear Thiers indulged in the amusement to practice speaking without being contradicted. "As mute as a carp" is a proverb. There were lines-men who passed their days thus fishing during the hottest bombardment of the Prussians, and the fighting of the Communists. They would botanize on their mothers' graves.

M. Marcel-Desprez is reported to be succeeding with his experiments at Creil, where he has established a kind of factory of electricity, by the utilization of water-power. Between Creil and the Northern railway terminus the distance is 22 miles; his aim is to transmit an electric current this distance, so as to be commercially profitable, for lighting public and private residences, and supplanting steam as a motive power, wherever a waterfall can be utilized. In October his experiments will be finished.

Messrs. Landouzy and Hipp-Martin have laid before the Academy of Sciences the result of their experiments on hereditary consumption. They examined the liver and lungs of a fetus extracted from a consumptive mother. The above organs presented no unhealthy signs, but on inoculating healthy animals with matters taken from them, tubercular phthisis set in.

M. Jules Ferry will obtain applause in this world, and though he be a free thinker, a reward in the next, if he succeeds in extending so far his "protectorate" policy, as to notify to Monaco to give up its gaming tables or be considered as French territory. The Senate will likely call on him to so act. He has already decided to put down bull-fightings in Northern France, where they flourish like a bay tree. Nimes says the abolition of such Isthmian games would be the ruin of her Temple of Ephesus, and the citizens would have to pay other taxes. "Tax them at once," was the hint urged to the wallers.

A passenger on board a river boat jumped into the Seine, and claimed the right to swim to his residence. Saved, he confessed he desired to frighten his wife, who threatened him with divorce.

From another boat a little baby dropped from its mother's arms into the river. Despite the efforts of five men who jumped into the water to rescue it, the infant was carried away.

A policeman had just got under his bed-clothes, when he heard cautious packing up in his neighbor's room. He rose and collared two notorious thieves in the act of cleaning out an absent lodger's trunks.

Two engine drivers have been arrested for conniving with railway porters and rogues on the line to rob the small but valuable parcels in the luggage vans; they gave the engines a sudden jerk, and in the confusion to see what was the matter, the parcels were thrown to receivers.

France has a case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce. Since 1810 there is a suit pending against the Government to pay out 800,000fr., the value of a prize seized by a French Corsair from English shipowners during the Napoleonic wars of 1810.

A drunken man having fallen through a large plate-glass window, the owner has sued the publican who supplied the staggerer with drink, for damages. He will win.